BILL GOES TO SEE JAY.

HE DESCRIBES HOW THE LATTER DOES HIS HAYING.

Some of the Beauties of Irrington-A Visit to the Hornets and a Search for Better Things - Mr. Gould's Little

[Copyright by Edgar W. Nye.] Every summer I like to ride up to Irvington and spend a couple of days with Jay Gould. He treats me well while there at his house, and though nothing is said about it at the time there is a tacit understanding that I am to write a piece about him for the papers when I get home.

It is the pleasantest time always to go up during the having season, which begins in June and rages with more or less violence for two days.



HELPING GOULD MAKE HAY.

Irvington is a beautiful little nest of well to do farmers like Jay Gould, Cy Field and such thrifty grangers as Hank Villard, whose place is a little lower down the river at Dobb's ferry. Hank and Cy Field change workers in having. but Jay keeps help enough to put in all of his grass himself. Sometimes he used to help Bob Hoe in having and Bob would help him in stacking, but since the death of Mr. Hoe Jay doesn't depend much on the neighbors.

Mr. Gould's place sits back from the main road quite a piece and has an ell to it. As you drive in you see four or five men with shoep shears trimming off quite a good lot of tiliable land around the house and he has a conservatory about the size of the Paris exposition. In this he grows quite a quantity of rare bachelor's buttons, "siurshous," morning giories and Johnny-jump-ups (or Johnny-jumps-up, rather). Mr. Gould is a great floraculturist and raises his own seeds rather than trust to the gaudy but prevaricating catalogue of the profes-

Across the main road from the house is the hay lot. It covers about five and three-fourths acres, perhaps, and so with twenty-seven men, all willing to pitch right in with enthusiasm, Mr. Gould is able to get his having out of the way in time to give him a week in town. This year he was drawn on the jury in New York just as he was going into the hay field. For quite a while he didn't know whether to go down and make sure of his little old \$2 a day or stick to the having and save the crop; but finally he threw his sevthe over his shoulder and said, "Come on, boys. They can get ether juigmen, but you would be a long while getting another man to take my place in the hayfield."

Later I saw by the paper that Mr. Gould was fined \$100 for non-appearance when his name was called.

is it true," I asked him yesterday at an equestrian lunch counter, "that the judge fined you \$100 for contempt?"

"Yes." said Mr. Gould removing a fillet of Wignerwurst from his whiskers and speaking in deep, interest bearing notes, "I was found \$100 by the judge as you say, but I proved by one of my hired hands that I was a member of the Tarrytown Hook and Ladder company, and so the judge remitted the fine.

On a bright June morning, when the wood bird wakes the caboes along the Hudson and the wren and the thrush come down to bathe their little heaks in the beautiful brook which sings along past the door of Washington Irving's quaint and queer old home, the quick ear extrhesithe sound of voices out behind Mr. Gould's barn. Following this sound see comes to a marry group of "hands" clustered about a large grindstone which has becon rinds under the bearings. A small boy, recking with perspiration, is turning the stone, while Gould with an old scythe may be seen riding on the top of it. There are other men about who could turn the grindstone easier than the small boy who is turning it, but no one is hopeful enough to turn a grindstone but a boy. It discourages a man, so it is customary to secure a boy to do this heart breaking job, and generally a bey who is about to go fishing is selected. He grinds on hour after hour, while his worms are baking in the sun and his heart is slowly dying in his little besom.

Later on the merry work hands go joyonsly afield. A jng containing spring water and a small straddle bug is taken to the lot and concealed nuder a swath of green grass. Mr. Gould, wearing a pair of brown linen transers and blue Wammes, together with a chip hat, rolls up his slasves so as to reveal the raven pin feathers now slowly turning to iron gray which adorn his brawny He then stands his scythe and swath up where he can get at it, and pulling a large, four pound whetstone from his pistol poolest proceeds to put a keen wire edge on his weapon.

It is quite interesting to seeMr. Gould and twenty-seven willing husbandmen turn loose on a little bunch of grass and wipe it out in two days. The hay is a mixture of red top, timothy and red clover, with ornamental hornets' nests made of papier mache in the fence cor-

In his conversation Mr. Gould uses a good many milroad terms of course, togetner with his tarna slang, and most of his orders are given to a bald headed Spaniard with an eera plastron of Magenta whiskers, whose name is Terrance

"Terrance," said Mr. Gould the other morning, as he swung the jug over his arm and took a drink, "I do not know but it would be cheaper next season to fix up the old mower. Yen see, if costs me \$108 now to mow this grass. Then new scythes and swaths each year, \$54 more: \$5 for whetetones, \$8 for ornamental hornets' nests, and say \$55 for publica.

poard of names. That is pres, or per per acre, say \$40 per ton for our grass, and ast year the stock would not eat it. Now, the mower only needs new coun ersunk washers on the reverse shaft bearing, new tender frame center pins, new oil cups on waist bearer knees and new hinge on whistle shaft arm. Am I right?

"Dade you air, Muster Gool." "Well, that will not cost over \$35 or 340, and will give all the mowing hands two days which they sorely need for rest. My coachman could drive the mower, I think, and the hands could rest or prune the sheep." "Yes, we laundry the shape on the

15th, and we could shear them on the 16th and 17th, I'm thinkin'; and, Muster Gool, ye should get another shape to associate wid the wan ye have or it'll be lonesome and die wid the angwe, as ye

"All right, Terrance; and I wish you would see what repairs the hay rake needs. Then you can couple on to it and take it to the machine shop. My idea is that it only needs new crosshead babbiting, water gauge ferrules, pet cock rod handles, steam chest gland bushing and goose neck ring eyes."

It is said that much of the hard earned money which Mr. Gould gets every month for his railroading on his farm at Irving-He hasn't so much ground as Cy Field has, but it is under a higher state of cultivation. Mr. Gould likes to encourage crops, whilst Mr. Field prefers to see his grounds grow up kind of wild, as they do in England. Jay has a peculiar weakness. It is for having real hornets on his country seat. He says he thinks it promotes activity, and induces one to make gigantic strides toward something better.

Mr. Field has quite a lodge or toll gate at the entrance to his grounds, where the lodge keeper's wife hangs out her clean clothes on Monday morning to scare the horses of the gentry.

Mr. Gould goes up at about 4 o'clock on the New York Central road, riding on an annual pass, and it is very rare that he is recognized by anybody. Quite often a large railroad hog occupies the seat with Mr. Gould, and almost squats the life out of the man who has squeezed other people so much all his life. Mr. Gould stands it like a little man, however, and rarely squeals.

The great financier seems quite old this summer, but he says he is looking forward with hope to a bright immorthe side whiskers on the mall. He has tality. He said that he was glad to see me, for he wanted to tell me about a kind act which he did a year ago in secret, hoping that it would get into the papers before this, but it had not. He exotics, such as four o'clocks, marigolds, said that other folks could do kind acts in secret somehow, and in forty-eight hours it would be in the papers, but he never could do it.



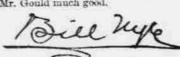
HORNETS AT THE COUNTRY SEAT. He then gave me a roll of soiled manuscript in his own well known hand. good many editors during the past year, as it had certain blue marks of disap-

proval all over the back. It read as fol Mr. Gould began to do his butchering at Irvington. He generally kills three beef creatures and nine shotes in the fall with his own hand. He begins early in the morning to heat the water for scalding his hogs, and by sundown he is all

through, and ready to cut up the meat as soon as it cools off. "Yesterday was a gala day for Dobbs Ferry, Irvington and Tarrytown, for Mr. Gould gave out word in the morning to all the neighbors' boys that they would be welcome at the killing, and could help themselves to their choice of the various internal organs of the animals killed. Many poor people got their winter's tripe in this way, and as far

even as Yonkers and Nyack people were supplied with sausage wrappers free. It was a beautiful scene, in the midst of which Mr. Gould might have been seen cheerily skipping about, and ever and anon opening up a fresh creature. It was an occasion which will be long emembered by the young people of Irvington, and fully illustrates the gen erosity and innste goodness of Mr. Gould. We trust that he may live long to give yet more delights and other such things

to the young of the country. I hope that the editor of this paper will see his way clear to print the in closed, for it will not in any way compromise the paper, and I know it will do Mr. Gould much good.



P. S -Mr. Gould would like two extra copies of the paper also. B. N.

Tantilization.

"I don't like to walk home alone with Mr. De Puyster," said Miss Flyite to Miss Gossipe, as the party was breaking up. "Why, are you afraid that he will try to kiss von?" asked Miss Gossipe, tartly

"No," said Miss Flyite, modestly cast ing down her eyes. "That's not it. The fact is, I'm afraid he won't."-Somerville Journal.

Time Tells.

Uncle Dick (to 5-year-old Alice, who tries in vain to capture a sparrow in the park)-Put seme salt on its tail, Allie and then you can catch it easily. Alice-I used to de that, Uncle Dick

bat I can't now. Uncle Diek-And why not?

Alice Breamse I'm too old. The Almanach de Gotha is over a century and a quarter old; when it was first med among its collection of sovereignties written up there were only three re-publics, Switzerland, San Marino and An torra, while today, out of its total of fifty eight states mentioned twenty-six are re-

ROSES AND PEARLS.

Susan Wilde was in a deep quandary. Her aunt, Mrs. Gladstone, was working an embroidery pattern at the opposite end of the room. On a stand in front of Susan lay a necklace of pearls and a

simple white rose. The rose and the pearls were each accompanied with a separate note. They had both been presented to her by special messengers within the last half hour. Dran Susaw—Will you wear this ruce on you bosom this evening, if there is any room for hop for one who loves you truly and devotedly? Havay Joy.

The second read as follows: Dram Miss Whine—If you feel that you can ever love me with one-half the amor and intensity that I do you, please acknowledge the sweet truth by accepting the pearls and warring them at Mrs. Gladstone's reception this evening.

And these two missives were the source of the quandary into which Susan Wilde. the acknowledged belle of Springvale, had so naturally and insensibly fallen. Arthur Floyd was of the firm of "Floyd & Son," dry goods merchants, while Henry Joy was simply a salaried clerk in the establishment of the aforesaid firm. The young men were of about the same age, both intellectual, well educated and good looking. They had been classmates at the same university, and young Joy owed his present position in the establishment to the influence of his friend, Arthur. Both were madly in love with Susan Wilde, the beautiful orphan niece of wealthy and aristocratic Mrs. Gladstone, who had come to reside at Springvale after the death of her husband, who was reputed to be worth his millions. Mrs. Gladstone was still of a marriageable age, being but a trifle over 40, and remarkably healthy and young looking. Mr. Gladstone had left his property equally divided between herself and step son, a sophomore in Har-

Susan was an only child of an elder sister, who had died some years before, leaving her offspring to Mrs. Gladstone's

Her father had left some property which her mother, through tact and economy, had very materially increased, so that at the time of her death Susan was left quite an heiress, having an unencumbered farm and same four or five thousand dollars at interest. Neither of the young men had concealed from the other his passion for Susan Wilde, and reasoning between themselves that she could make but one of the two happy in a matrimonial sense, they had jointly hit upon the above novel method of ascertaining which of the two might claim her preference, each promising to abide by the young lady's decision,

Susan had read both of the notes care fully, and was now deeply pondering. They had evidently brought the young girl to a profound sense of reflection, and she saw that she must decide between the two.

Arthur Floyd, aside from his personal attractions, had abundant prospective wealth to recommend him, while Henry Joy had only intellect, beauty and fine physical powers to plead for him. With almost unlimited means at his command the former could place her in the most exalted position in society, while the latter, with no other resource than his salary, could only expect to support a wife comfortably, not ostentatiously.

"Well," said Mrs. Gladstone after a omewhat lengthy silence, "you seem to your morning's correspondence. Can't you see that your good aunty is dving with curiosity to learn the contents of

Susan looked up confusedly, "Will you read them," she asked, "or

"You read them, deary. You see I am busy just now with this embroidery pattern.

Susan obeyed, reading aloud what we have already submitted to the reader. "What am I to do?" she questioned, with a look of evident annoyance, although it was plain from the blush that accompanied it that she felt not a little

"Why, you silly little innocent," replied Mrs. Gladstone, laughing, "it is against all rules of propriety to keep two strings to your bow after they have become so importunate. The only thing you have to do is to consider the respective claims of these two daring aspirants, and decide between them. The choice cannot be very difficult, of course, when you consider their relative positions in a

worldly sense." "I know; Arthur is rich and Henry is

"Yes; and the former is certainly not greatly inferior to the latter in point of beauty and intelligence. Of course you will discard the rose for the pearls?" "I am not sure, aunty, dear. I have

been pondering the matter deeply for the last five minutes. I have always prided myself that I am something of anjudge of human nature. To be sure, Arthur Floyd is rich and can lavish pearls, even diamonds, upon the lady of his choice; but in my knight of the white rose I recognize a natural superiority that wealth alone cannot confer. My decision, aunty ought not to be governed wholly by the present situation, for riches, you know, have wings, and aside from that I find in my poor admirer more sincerity, more vanity and selfishness than may be found wrapped up in him who is represented

Surely you would not be so insane, my dear, as to resign Arthur Floyd, with his prospective wealth and recognized social standing, for a poor clerk in his employ, with nothing but his good looks to recommend him?"

"I might, aunty. A young girl is sometimes supposed to consult her heart rather than her ambition in these matters; and surely, if I allow my heart to have a voice, it will plead most potently in favor of Harry."

"Well, I have no power to control your decision," responded Mrs. Gladstone, somewhat impatiently. "I can only advise you as I think for the best. You are, of course, your own mistress; but as you make your bed, so must you

There was but little more said upon the subject, and that night Susan Wilde wore the white rose instead of the pearls. Arthur knew of his disappointment in season to send in his excuses to Mrs. Gladstone, for Susan had returned his present, with an appropriate declination, early in the afternoon. Indeed, Arthur ad privately flattered himself that the reference would be awarded to him, in onsideration of his wealth and high soial standing; and to be thus set aside for one so greatly his inferior in a worldly point of view, was a source of deep

Henry Joy, on the contrary, was in an ecstasy of happiness at sight of the simple white rose so modestly displayed upon the heaving bosom of the fond object of his heart's worship.

"I could not afford, such a costly present as Arthur sent you," he said, "and therefore I had scarcely dared to hope, Had I not loved you so wildly, so madly I should have hardly ventured to make the bold proposition to you that I did.'

"I thought it a model of manly delicacy and eleverness," responded Susan, blushing, and permitting him to squeeze her hand in a most demonstrative man-

"I felt myself very much in the condition of a drowning man," said Harry, in a tone of happy triumph. "The faint hope I had of winning you from such a rival as Arthur was the straw, figuratively speaking, at which I grasped, and lo! it buoyed me up and I gained the haven of my desires. Oh! Susan, darling, you don't know how happy your sweet promise has made me!"

"You know, Harry," said Susan, quietly, "that I have always aimed to be a sensible and steady minded girl. When I chose you, dearest, I did not do it without reflection. In the first place I was fully sensible that I loved you the bestthat there was more, in fact, worth loving in your character than in Arthur's. I have heard, on very good authority, that he sometimes drank more than was good for him; that he preferred associating with gamblers and roughs to sober, honest young men of his own agea class whom that set characterized as 'old fashioned'-and I have often heard it whispered that he, too, indulges in the pernicious habit of gaming. "Considering these defects, the intrin-

sic worth of your character-for I have been assured by those who know you that your record is a spotless one-weighs more immy humble, womanly estimation than all the wealth of the world associated with a tarnished name.

"I duly considered all these things, as well as my decided preference for you, and the result was, though contrary to my good aunty's advice, who had not the faculty, as she said, to discover any of these bugbears, I accepted the rose in preference to the pearls.

"Bless you, darling!" cried Harry, deeply impressed by the sensible discrimination of his promised bride. "If I ever disappoint you in your hopes or expectations regarding me, it will be because I lack the ability, not the will, to sustain the role I have marked out."

our ability, dear Harry; and to show you that I have I shall place every dollar of my tittle fortune-some ten or twelve thousand in all, if the farm can be disposed of to advantage-entirely at your command, which will enable you to commence business on your own accountnot so extensive as the Floyd's to begin with, of course; but you will grow to it. The man I marry is not to be cramped in his aspirations on account of my fears for the money I might have lying idle in some savings bank."

The lover could only express his emotion of gratitude by a tender pressure of the hand as they strolled back and once more mingled with the gay company. The next morning Susan informed her

aunt, Mrs. Gladstone, that she and Harry Joy were to be married at the expiration of a month, and preparations for the apbe unusually reserved on the subject of proaching nuptials were immediately set Everything was in readiness when the

> time arrived, and a very costly and sensational display was the legitimate result of Mrs. Gladstone's clever management. Agreeably to the promise given him before marriage, Mrs. Joy surrendered all her property into her husband's hands, and he immediately set up for himself in a limited way in the same line of business as the Floyds.

As Susan had prophesied before their marriage, his business grew, and its land and do not, select the camp site in its growth proved a healthy and profitable one. In five years Susan's \$12,000 had your lake a small island anywhere from multiplied to \$50,000, and Harry Joy was beginning to be spoken of as one of the "heavy men" of Springvale.

But during that five years a great change had come over the fortunes of Arthur Floyd.

His father had died, leaving him in full control of his extensive business. For a while things seemed to go on as smoothly as ever with Arthur, though prudent people observed that he was becoming daily more fond of the wine cup and the disreputable company of fast men and professional gamblers. He left. his business go at loose ends, trusting to the integrity of the salesmen be employed. and they robbed him. He spent much of his time in the city, and a rumer reached Springvale one day that he had lost \$20,000 at fare in one night-nearly twice the amount of money that Harry Joy had had to commence business upon. From this time Arthur Floyd became more reckless and dissipated than ever, and cautious people began to whisper of impending bankruptcy. An officer from the city arrived one day and closed down

upon everything. The next morning after that ruinous but to some extent unexpected failure, Arthur Floyd was found suspended by the neck to a great beam in his own barn, and quite dead when discovered. strength of purpose, and a great deal less | Susan Joy had just received a call from her aunt, Mrs. Gladstone, when the sad

news of the suicide reached them. "Where should I have been now had I accepted the pearls?" was all that Suser

after all," confessed Mrs. Gladstone, with a sigh.-M. S. in New York News.

Penalty for Adulteration. Severe measures have recently been taken by the Russian government against adulteration and the sale of injurious substances as food. Persons convicted of these offenses will be liable to a fine of 300 rubles (246) or to imprisonment for three months. For a second offense these penalties will be doubled, and a third conviction will eaail the loss of civil and political rights. Mr. Bright's doosefne of caveat emptor evidently finds no favor in the eyes of the czar. Our own "free and enlightened" from such truly benevolent despotism .- snew region, with a good pitch.

Cowboys Uphold the Law. At Wendover, Wy. T., there are about 200 cowboys in camp. No officers are lo-cated there, but the men are held in restraint by self respect and the arters of their employers. One of the punchers stole a saddle. He was captured red handed, stripped on the banks of the Platte and received twenty lashes on the bare back with a heavy whip. Then he was paddled with a beard. The cowbeys are detared to uphold the dignity of the law .-

chagrin and mortinestion to the young A CAMP FOR THE FAMILY

HOW TO BUILD AND MAINTAIN IT AT SMALL EXPENSE.

A Letter from Alfred Balch Wherein He Describes a Way of Securing a Summer Outing That Must Be Very Delightful

[Special Correspondence.] New York, June 30 .- One of the great est needs of this present age is some place at which, with a small expenditure of money, a family may spend the summer months, and gain by rest and fresh air the strength and health which will fit them for the life of the winter. Apart from these desirable gains, the pleasure of a free



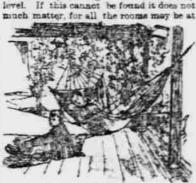
outdoor life, especially to the children, is so great that all parents feel as though they yould like to give it to their children if ossible. The fashionable hotels and watering places are all very well for those who afford to go to them. and doubtless their many visitors enjoy themselves greatly during their stay. But the average man whose income is small cannot send his wife and three or four children to Saratoga, Newport or Long Branch, He must find place where the weekly payments are within his means. Say \$20 a week.

Enthusiastic Nimrods and fisherfolk have been wont to talk of the delights of camp life in the woods. The white tents stand-ing in front of the camp fire, the green grass shaded by the trees, the running stream or the placid lakes formed pictures the beauty of which was to the last degree alluring. But camping is not cheap, and there are many-especially ladies-who do not care for the wild life. Children, too, are a nuisance to themselves and othe the woods. They are eternally getting lost, or taking the beloved fly rods of their elders and wofully abusing the same. Camp life appealed to but few of those who wished for an outing in the summer time. Another condition which any place for the family was required to possess was ease of access. The fathers, husbands or brothers who were forced to work in a city required "I have the most perfect confidence in a summer home to which they could trave on Saturday and return on Monday.

was evolved from some active brain. The first of these was seen on some of the smaller of the Thousand islands, but it taken up, and these summer camps, as they are generally called, began to appear in many places. At present they are for Hampshire, Massachusetts, New York, New Jersey, Illinois, Michigan and California. Of course there may be other states where they have been built, but hose named are the ones in which I have heard of the camps



THE PIREPLACE camp does not demand very veniently near your home. The lake may not be much more than a large pond, but it is better to hunt up one not less than two miles long. Observe, if you would be free from mosquitoes look out for swampy neighborhood. Then, if possible, find in a third of an acre up. It is the universal experience of all people in summer camps that an island is the best of all locations. These islands are not as a rule expensive The ideal island for a camp is too small to make it worth cultivating, and the wood raised on it is not sufficient in quantity make the place profitable speaking about wood, while there no objection to large trees better if there be a good second owth, big enough to supply shade, but not large enough to termit the owner to select some point of land insting out into the lake, and if possible have this rather aigh ground. Having found your island can. The point of land may be rocky and absolutely worthless for agricultural pur poses, in which case it is just as good for a You do not want much land, half an acre ing ample for all purposes. This should not, unless it be very close to a city, cost more than \$40, in return for which sum it should be conveyed to you, your heirs and esigns while water runs and grass grows. The first step in building the camp is to elect some piece of ground which is fairly



COMPORT OF THE PLAZZA. different elevations without any harm

done. If there are any trees growing on this ground do not out them down, as ther will serve for posts. Have a platform laid resting on short posts, at such a height from the ground as to insure a current of air at all times under your Boors. The mader will see at once that as the posts may be made of any desired longer the in equalities in the surface are taken up by them, and the floor becomes level. The floor having been put down the roof is put ar. Our own "free and enlightened" en. And by all means have a good roof, untry might with advantage take a hint wall shingled, and, if the camp is in the mark out the rooms. In duing this you must remember that the greater part of the life at camp is spent in the open air, and that the most important part of the building is therefore the plazza. This should not be less than 12 feet wide-15 be ing better-and at one end it should expand into a large mem, with two or possi-bly three sides closed. One of these sides may be formed by the partition wall of the oping room, or there may be sleeping rooms on two apposite sides, the third be ing reserved for the freplace and the fourth being the edge of the plants and

The giery of the summer camp is the are place. This must be built of brick, with a good chimney, and must be wide and deep enough to take in a good sized log. It is by all odds the most expensive thing about the place, for I have known of camps where the fireplace cost as much as the building. For all that is is more than worth building. For all that it is those state on this every cent paid for it. As you sit on this open plazas, with a bright fire of good wood flaming and crackling before you, the sense of comfort, of physical delight, is something which cannot be put into words.

The wide part of the places serves generally as a dining room, and it has therefore a table and some benches. Just back of it arrange a kitchen, with some eld but serviceable wood burning kitchen stove, some shelves, a barrel to hold water and a rough table. In a summer camp the barracks principle must be utilized for the one in which the ladies sleep and the other for the gentlemen. Beds are made of scantling, with canvas stretched across. and for bedelothes blankets are by odds the best. Sheets are out of place. On the floors old rugs or strips of carpet come in handily, and for furniture the chairs which have been considered too old for use at home acquire new life when carried to the summer camp. A supply of tinware and knives, forks and speeds are needed are primitive in the extreme, generally taking the shape of a bucket and a tin basin, the latter standing on a box. Clothes are simply the oldest you have.



A COOL INTERIOR.

It pays to shingle the walls of the room is the air is often a little too good for sleeping folk. A boat is a necessity, and a rough wharf should be built by the men of the party. It is well to arrange somethin swim may reach the water, and to clear up a portion of one of the beaches for the hathers. But these and many other things. will suggest themselves. The food supply, if one is near a village, is not difficult to arrange, the only thing which it is at all hard to get being fresh meat. Petatoes and other vegetables, bread, pork, the breakfast cereals, eggs and fruit can al-ways be purchased from the farm houses, and fresh milk can be obtained every

morning if some one will taken short row. Now a summer camp like this not only gets better and better every year as you spend a few dollars on it, but it offers of the most delightful homes a person ever saw. And it is so cheap to start it. I know of one in New Hampshire which ost, ground and all, the first year only \$195. It is now four years old, and as some thing has been done every summer it is one of the prettiest places I know of There grows up around one of these camp a wonderful "home" feeling, and the fam ily is uneasy when summer comes until the hour for starting strikes. The exbe greater and often much less than it will cost you at home. Children and grown people alike have the benefit of living practically in the open air; there is always an excuse at least for fishing, there are the pleasures of boating, and-if you is small wonder then that sur should be popular. ALFRED BALCH.

train Sunday evening brings in a bowling, awearing, whistling, splitting mob of hood-lums of all ages who have been out in the country for the purpose no doubt of "looking through nature up to nature's God. the laborers fill the train, with overalls and tin pails and a jargon of Irish and Italian conversation. Then come the shopgirls and clerks, the business men with clean collars and damp newspapers; a little later their wives, with pocketbooks bulging with samples tightly clutched in their hands, as they start forth upon a shopping

the school girl train. It is quite a little idyl in the midst of the town's rush and roar to see the demure little maidens get pact little packages of lunch, with their fresh cheeks and shining braids and earnest hir as they discuss intently the travel in groups, that girl being bereft in deed who has to go down town alone wit no one to talk to and not one minute of the journey is allowed to go to waste. well bred school girl is apparently totally oblivious of the fact that there are any passengers on the our but herself and her a steady and absorbed interest in the events of the day, or she studies her book, poring over abstrace rictorical questions f trope, personification and enomatopoonia, or equally pushing mathematical prob-lems where x equals all manner of un-

beard of and unresequable things.
But she doesn't talk load enough to at tract attention. She doesn't me admiring musculine eyes surveying her over the to of a newspaper. Those who know her know of a newspaper. Those who knowher know that not the quiver of an eyelach escapes her, not a glarme of approval or the smallest eccentricity of coatume or behavior of one passenger on a crowded car but is marked and hearded up to be diamand at renew. But to all cutwerd seeming she keeps herself to herself, and whom one reaches her stadion quietly gets off, apparently totally unconscious that she takes with her much of the eventures and highly of the con-

Taught to Respect Gray Hairs. Wooden-You don't seem to smile at my joke. What's the matter? Didn't

you understand it? Smart-Yes, I understood it: but I was brought up never to laugh at old age. - Boston Times.

Look Out for Spow. "General, what do you think of the reather?" asked a citizen. "Well," replied the chief signal officer

"I flink the backbone

"For a life by your side, my darling would give up everything I posses parente, position, wealth-all. But in that case what would there be

winter is broken."-New York Sen.

left for mel"-Fliegende Blaetter.

Old Lady (to newsboy)-You don't thew tohaccoy do you, little boy? Newsboy-No. ma'am. but I give yer a cigarette.—Smith & Gray's

CHOLLY ON CLASS BAY.

His Tale of Ardent Laure and Valle At-And Cholly commenced early in the tion; but it still remains untold, be-

"Ch, Miss Rosebud! So glad We've met at last. Consist catch your eye this morning in the growd. The girls have all got so much follows on their hats, and your our that had the most provoking droop on the the group side -just enough to hide those fittle eyes. Ob, certainly, your chaperone. So glad to see you, Mrs. Ferret (confound hart). Suspending your own obsquests today, I suppose, to watch those of your fair charges. (I guess that sop will do for a starter. If I can only get her off in that alcove now, with plenty of feed and some downtown fool of a man, she'll keet "I was just coine to recross to Miss

Rosebud to make up a little cony group in that alcove over there and get some thing solid, for Tom will want us to be perfectly at home here, you know, and here will be a perfect jam everywhere else. Good! I thought you'd Eke it. Oh, yes; I'll cellect the rest of the girls and bring them to you. You just aft in behind this little 5 o'cheek and sort of preside. There, now, you wen't have to move for an hour, and I'm going to bring John Jay Tandem over you don't mind. He has begged me so many times for an introduction to the irresistible Mrs. Ferret.

"Oh, you need not shake your fan at me; you know it's so; and, Miss Rosebud, if you'll just step out here one moment with me and point out the straving lambkins from Mrs. Ferret's flock I'll help you bring them in. (Believe I've done t.) For heaven's sake, Miss Resebud, let me get von just one moment by my-seif alone. Here, in this window. You must know that -confound that waiter. No: I don't want anything, nor the hely neither. You do, you feel a little faint? Oh, do forgive me! Here, waiter, a cup of bouillon, quick. I must be crazy to think you can fly round as you have been flying round with only the 'Gym.'spread lo sustain you. Heavens! I'm a brute, but oh, Miss Rosebud, I have no thought but for one thing—one wish ever in my heart, and that is— How-de-do, Smiles. With pleasure (confoundities impresence),

"Miss Shallow, may I introduce Mr Smiled Yes, certainly. Excuse us, Smiles, but Miss Shaflow has lost the buckle off her shoe, and we are in search of it. See you again (not this year, I hopek Oh, Rosebud, you are an angel to think of that. We should never have shaken him in the world, and your dear little ruse to keep him off leads me to hope that you do here- Why, Mrs. Revret! after I placed you so nicely behind the little 5 o'clock, and Miss Rosebud and I are hunting frantically for those frisky lambs of yours (incantious of me). Mustn't take Miss Rosebud off again? But, my dear Mrs. Ferret, I didn't take We haven't been out of the her off room. Going! and before Miss Rosebud has had anything to est? You must pense of running the place will vary of let her have a little salad, because course in various places, but it will never Heavens. Resebud, my heart will break if I don't have another word with you. Tell me, quick. where are you going? 'I'm to Beck & Agassiz, and the Pi Eta's, and over to Weld & Matthews', and up on to Garden street, and down to the are fortunate enough to have an island- on to Clarden street, and down to the you are assured of the utmost privacy. It Port, and how I am ever to see you camps again for a moment howen only knows.'

i.c... But while that horrible woman is talking to that other horrible woman let me have one blessed little word from you. New York, June 30 - There is scarcely | Give me your hand just one instant, to an hour of the day that does not have its Give me your hand just one instant, to own particular crowd on the clevated rail. Set me feel. Too bar Mrs. Perret; Miss road, and the stolid guards know just Rosebud gut some salad cil on her glove, about what they have to expect from the time the carliest train takes the butchers seem to. If you would kindly let me quick! Bob Buncombes next. Oh, thank you, dearest; Uff be there in five minutes."-Boston Saturday Evening Gazette.

"In looking over your matter, Mr. Quilpen," said the editor in chief to the new man on the staff, "I butte not seen the phrase, 'it begins to look sethough." "I never use if," answered the new

"Mr. Dyson," observed the editor in chief to the business manager an hour or so later, "you will oblige me by raising Mr. Quilpen's mlary \$10 a week."-Chicago Tribune.

A Good Description.

"What! Hare you never met Mr. De Courcey? Why, he's a great society man. Let me see. How can I describe him? I think his name will give you a good idea of the man." What is it?"

With the Tied. She-Here they come, but how despondent Jack looks now that Mabel is married to Harry. He seems to be drift-

"Reggie,"-New York Sun.

ing on a sea of despendency.

He-Yes, going with the tied, as it were.-Boston Courier. Deserved It. Perspiring Citizen In-Cowboy (with revolver)-Rengf Verdict of the Coroner's Jury Justin



Mr. Gual (leaning forward suddenly)

game)-Well, s'posin' yo' does' I warn't doin' nutto t' be 'shamed of ... Judge. Medical Professor in charge of the dis-

secting room-Gentlemen, may I ask what you did with the subject when you retired? Medical Student-We last it on the

table, sir. - Burkington Free Press. Meeting Trouble Half Way.

Danghter-Patter, I believe I was been to many a nebbeau. Father-Yes; but, daughter, try to look on the bright eide of life-perhaus gog Il die-Smith, Gray & Co. a Monthly.